

# The National SUNDAY MAGAZINE

SEMI-MONTHLY SECTION OF



### Current Comment Page



### The National Sunday Magazine Section

### The Dynamo of Business

By Hugh Chalmers

ISTRIBUTION is the greatest problem of business. It is a problem that directly affects all the people. If an article, needed by the public, can be put on the market, and because of wide

distribution be sold at a low price, the public is benefited.

The manufacture of an article is a definite thing. The manufacturer first must have money. With money he can put up buildings; he can equip the buildings with machinery; he can buy raw materials and can make the article that he wants to market. If he can make one article right, he can make ten thousand just like it, because in the making of an article he is dealing with

things that he can control, that is, money, materials, machinery and men. The thing that he finds the hardest to control is the market.

It is here that the human element enters into the problem.

If you can sell one thing it does not necessarily follow that you can sell ten thousand just like it. In the making of an article you are dealing with something definite. In the selling of it you are dealing with something that you cannot control. The number of things you can sell depends

wholly upon your marketing ability.

It is because marketing an article is so important, not only to the manufacturer but to the public, that advertising has come to be of such tre-

mendous interest to all the people. Advertising is one of the chief factors in the distribution or marketing of any product. The public is beginning to appreciate that advertising is a help in distribution, because the consumer is buying articles at a less cost an would be possible if the same articles were not nationally advertised. Advertising stimulates sales. It helps build businesses more rapidly than they could be built with-

### How the Public Profits

\*HE public furthermore benefits by national advertising because the day has gone by when articles of doubtful value can be nationally advertised with any great success. No manufacturer today can in his advertising exaggerate the merits of his goods and mislead the public. The public would try his goods once, find them not up to their advertised value and would not re-The manufacturer would order not get his money back, hence his advertising would be a loss.

So the only manufacturer who can afford to spend large sums in advertising is the manufacturer who is making honest goods and selling them at a fair profit. It is being made more plain every day that advertising is not a burden on the purchasing public. manufacturer who does not advertise is not able to produce a better article for a lower selling price than one who does. On the contrary.

An advertisement is really a contract between the advertiser and the purchaser. The medium which carries the advertising is also a party to this contract.

The manufacturer says to the public, "Here are my goods. show my faith in them by spending money in this space to tell you about them. The publisher shows his faith in my goods because he takes my advertising. He would not take my advertising if he did not know that I had a good article that would give satisfaction. He cannot afford to antagonize his readers by presenting to them in his advertising pages commodities that are not up to what the manufacturer says about them."

'HE publisher practically says to his readers, "Buy the goods advertised in this issue. I know that they are good goods or I would not allow them to be advertised in the pages of my publication."

Some publishers go so far as to guarantee all the advertising that appears in their columns. If the purchaser is dissatisfied with an article which he buys as a result of the advertising in these publications, he can write to the manufacturer, and if the manufacturer will not give him the proper redress the publisher will. It is this sort of co-operation between the manufacturer and the publisher that is making advertising such a great

The public has come to have confidence in advertised goods, and confidence is the cornerstone upon which all great businesses are built.



Mary.Mary quite contrary How does Pop's beard grow? It's tough and thick But comes off quick With GEM DAMASKEENE you know!"

- One Dollar-

Introduce yourself to a Gem Damaskeene Razor today — vou'll be friends for life. ALL LIVE DEALERS

GEM CUTLERY CO., Inc., NEW YORK Canadian Branch , 501 St Catherina St W. Montre

> The GEM is differentbetter than the average so-called "Safety Razor."

(50e in Canada)

smoothness, though

the beard is wiry and

Gem Damaskeene

Blades, 7 for 35c

the skin sensitive.

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### Supports Literature

ADVERTISING has come to be such a tremendous power that many of our best publications could not exist without the continued advertising patronage of the manufacturer. Because of this advertising patronage they are able to give the public better publications at a less price than they could possibly do without advertising.

Another big thing that advertising is doing for the public is putting people in out-of-the-way places in touch with the latest and best comforts and conveniences. Things that are invented and manufactured for lightening household labor, business saving devices, things of interest to sick people and thousands of other things are, through advertising, brought to the attention of people all over the country in remarkably short time.

If a man in New York invents some new way for lightening the labor of the housewife, the woman in the farthest corner of Texas finds out about it and is able to buy it and benefit by its use in a few days after it is put on the market. Without advertising it might be a year or longer before she would even hear about it.

I have touched above on just a few of the ways in which advertising directly affects all the people. In the next few years the public will come to have a better understanding of what advertising is accomplishing for the country.

of Chaciners.

# THE WAR'S LEGACY OF HATE

FEW months ago, idealists bent hopefully over their paper plans for the federation of the world. There really was such a thing as

Drawing by Adrien Machefert

an international movement, apart from Socialist utopian-Every nation had its pacifists, its anti-militarists.
The men who tried to give us arbitration in place of war were encouraged by cynical diplomats to think that The Hague might some day house a Parliament superior to Czars, Kaisers and Kings. The United States of Europe was to be the first step. It is the obvious thing to point out that the volcano that we call the Great War of 1914 has shattered their temple, so that not one stone stands upon another. But afterward, can they rebuild?

It will be generations before they can mark a step of progress. For whereas, up to last year the common people of Europe were more or less in sympathy with the ideas of peace and brotherhood, they are now fiercely nationalistic. The present struggle is only the

and step in a warfare that they intend to wage to the hilt of the knife. Trade boycotts have been planned and are already being put into force as far as possible. The very "intellectuals" are campaigning against the language, the literature, the art and music of their political enemies.

In short, racial hatreds have been revived with an intensity unparalleled in civilized times.

pERSONS living in neutral countries will only begin to realize the extent of this spiritual disaster when the war is over. But those who, like myself, have been in Europe before and since the outbrack of hostilities are oppressed by it now, today. It is a phenomenon that by no means follows closely the lines drawn by the war. Russia and Turkey have no part in it. They and their opponents are bettling in a normal, impersonal way. Japan is geographically so far removed that although reeriminations are pleatisfied by the statement of the statement

At the time of the declaration of war, Parisians relieved their feelings by smashing shops bearing German names and mobbing Germans foolhardy enough to appear in the streets. There was no real hatred behind these manifestations, which would have occurred in any Latin community on which a crisis had ness of the enemy took on the aspect of a grim treachery toward France. It became known that many of the German reservists who had returned home had been spies. Stories of atrocticles drifted in. The utternaces of poets, journalists and orators suddenly acquired an almost mystical significance, and the great late was born. One records such facts. One examot they were, lit no such flame of passion as every subsequent event in this conflict has nurtured in France and Belgium. The following are some of its results:

After the victory of the Marne, but while President Poincaré and his cabinet were still at Bordeaux, the Government ordered the sequestration of all German



ing not not only of real estate, but of every business establishment and residence owned by an alien enemy, of effects left in rented premises and of goods paid for and awaiting delivery. It was confiscation, for although the sequestered property is still intact under the Coverment's seal, it is

not denied that the intention is to sell it after the war for the benefit of France.

Germany, of course, has replied in kind; and both sides have passed laws forever prohibiting their enmies in this war from becoming citizens, and empowering the respective Governments to revoke naturalization papers already issued.

The undermining of the business relations of the future is being diligently pushed forward. If it were being done by act of Parliament, it would not be so bad; for laws can be repealed. But it is being made an issue of patriotism, and sentiment thus aroused will not easily die out. Newspapers throughout France have adopted a standing headline: "Down with Gernan Commerce" In the daily column devoted to the crusade, they work upon the emotions of their readers, in preference to emphasizing cold facts and figures.

45 HALL our little ones play with dolls made by the Danads that have shed the blood of Freench children?" asked one writer. He was answered instantly by two young girls, Mile. Brunct, a school teacher, and Mile. Gournay, a stenographer, who collected one thousand franca among their friends and opened avorkshop for the manufacture of French dolls. Had it not been for the passionate phrase coincd by a nameless journalist, which they quoted with telling effect, they might have had hard sledding. As it was, they won success at a stroke and blazed the way for scores of should be replaced by the far more artistic home product; but that the playthings of children should become symbols of hate is not so good.

In the world of art and science, the anti-German feeling is at white heat. The directors of the National Opera in Paris have voted never again to produce a work composed by a Teuton. In approving this decision, M. Alfred Capus, Academician, dramatist and co-editor of the Figure, wrote that while the war did not blind him to the fact that Wagner was the tation of the dead composer's nationality was relatively much more profound than the enjoyment he might get from his music.

The Société des Artistes Francais and the Société des Beaux Arts, which hold the big Spring Salons, announced formally last October that thereafter they would decline to show pictures by Germans and Austrians. The Autumn Salon, which has made it a point to encourage foreign exhibitors and has depended largely upon exploiting the Munich school of art, hung back, but was quickly forced by a hurricane of protest to take the same step.

swine-dogs,

ran the record of

abysmal hate, "the vile, unspeakable English!"

Serious attempts have been made to outlaw the teaching of the German language and the sale of German books. The Government is, of course, too liberal to yield to clamor of this kind, but private schools have gained much prestige by advertising that German has been removed from the curriculum, while no bookseller in Paris would be rash enough to display a volume in the hated tongue.

Lest the impression should obtain that the Latin hatred of Germany is confined to the ignorant and the unthinking, consider the utterances of three of the most brillant men in French and Belgian literature— —Anatole France, Gustave Hervé and Maurice Maeterlinck—all of them sincere anti-militarists and believers in human brotherhood, before the war:

"As for the "appen of the German intellectuals to the civilized world, I regard it as a monstrous farce," cried Anatole France, in Le Petit Parisien, referring to the well-known document signed, among others, by the novelists Hauptmann and Sudermann, the philcoopher Rudolf Eucken and the zoologist Ernst Hacekel. "It digs a great gull, which can never be the control of the results of the control of the control of the control art and letters should have defended and glorified Prussian militarism. By doing so they have proved themselves to be more odious than the brutes they set out to justify:

COMMENTING on a sentence in the same German 'appeal'—"Without our militarism, our civilization would have been destroyed long ago,"—Gustave Hervé, aflame, beside himself, wrote in his own paper, La Guerre Sociale: "After that, fire into the thick of them, without scruples!"

And the Belgian, Macterlinck, the gentle Macterlinck of *The Life of the Bee* and *Treasure of the Humble*, had this to say in an article that he gave last September to the press of Europe:

"When the hour shall have come for settling accounts, we shall have forgotten much of what we have sulfered, and a blameworthy pity will creep over us and cloud our eyes. We shall be told that the unfortunate German people were merely the victims of their monarch and their feudal castles; that no blame attaches to the Germany we know, that is so sympathetic and cordial, the Germany of quaint old houses and openhearted greeting, the Germany that sits under its lime trees beneath the clear light of the moon—but only to Prussia, hateful, arrogant Prussia; that the homely, peace-loving Bevarian, the genial, hospitable dwellers peace-loving Bevarian, the genial, hospitable dwellers are the summary of the su

"We are face to face with reality now; let us look at it well, and pronounce our sentence; for this is the moment when we hold the proofs in our hands, when the elements of crime are hot before us, and shout out the truth that soon will fade from our memory (he had presented evidence of atroctites perpetrated in Belguim). Let us tell our (Comtinued on page \$61)

### • MISSING • PAGE THURTEEN

BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN Illustrations by Ernest Fuhr

watted-up doorway, and accermines to expore an underground passage in order to recover it. She makes a frightful discovery, as a result of which Mr. Van Broecklyn resolves to uncloset the family skeletons.

SHAIL have to begin" said he, when they riving you some idea, not so much of the family tradition, as of the effect of this tradition, upon all who bore the name of tradition, upon all who bore the name of which the said that the said the said the said the said the said that the said the said

attended by a long and unquestioning obedience, was likely to engender.

"I know no more than you do why some early anexternation and the same properties of the concept and this has the upon this room. But from my earliest years I was given to understand that there was one latch in the house which was never to be lifted; that any fault would be forgiven sooner than that; that the honor of the whole family stood in the way of disobedience, and that I was to preserve that honor to my dying day. You will say that all this is fantastic, and wonder that sane people in these times should subject themselves to such a ridiculous restriction, especially when no good reason was alleged, and the very source of the tradition from which it sprung

some specially when he good reason was aneged, and the very source of the tradition from which it spring forgotten. You are right; but if you look long into human nature, you will see that the bonds which hold the firmest are not material ones—that an idea will make a man and mould a character—that it lies at the source of all heroisms and is to be courted or feared as

the case may be.

"For me it possessed a power proportionate to my londiness. I don't think there was ever a more lonely child. My father and mother were so unhappy in each other's companionship that one or the other of them was almost always away. But I saw little of their content of the man and the same an

"AS IT was, I was thrown almost entirely upon
my own resources for any anusement. This
led me to a discovery I made one day. In a far part of
the cellar behind some heavy casks, I found a little
door. It was so low—so exactly fitted to my small
body, that I had the greatest desire to enter it. But
I could not get around the casks. At last an expedient
coursed to me. We had an old servant who came
control to me. We had an old servant who came
chanced to be alone in the cellar, I took out my ball
and began throwing it about. Finally it landed
behind the casks, and I ran to Michael with a beseeching cry, to move them.

"It was a task requiring no little strength and address, but he managed, after a time to shift them aside and I saw with delight my way opened to that mysterions little dot deterred me. But when the opportunity came for me to venture there alone, I dd so, in the most adventurous spirit, and began my operations by sliding behind the casks and testing the handle of the little door. It turned, and after a pull or two, yielded. With my heart in my mouth,



I stooped and peered in. I could see nothing—a black bole and nothing more. This caused me to hesitate. I was afraid of the dark—had always been. But curiosity and the spirt of adventure triumphed. Saying to myself that I was Robinson Crusoe exploring the cave, I crawled in, only to find that I had gained nothing. It was as dark inside as it had looked to be from without.

THERE was no fun in this, so I crawled back, and when I tried the experiment again, it was with a When I tried the experiment again, it was with a bit of eandle in my hand, and a surreptitious match or two. What I saw, when with a very trembling little hand I had lighted one of the matches, would have been disappointing to most boys, but not one. The litter and old boards lying in odd corners about me, was full of possibilities, while in the dimness beyond I seemed to perceive a sort of staircase which might lead——? I do not think I made any attempt to answer that question even in my own mind; but when, with some trepidation and a sense of great daring, I finally crept up those steps, I remember very well my sensation at finding myself in front of a narrow closed door. It suggested too vividly the one in grandfather's little room—the door in the wainscot which we were never to open. I had my first real trembling fit here, and at once fascinated and repelled by this obstruction, I stumbled and lost my candle, which going out in the fall, left me in total darkness and a very fright-ened state of mind. For my imagination which had been greatly stirred by my own vague thoughts of the forbidden room, immediately began to people the space about me with ghoulish shapes. How should I escape them; how ever reach my own little room again undetected and in safety?

"But these feelings, deep as they were, were nothing to the real fright which seized me when, the darkness finally braved, and the way found back into the bright, wide-open halls of the house, I became conscious of having dropped something besides the candle. My match-box was gone—not my match-box, but my grandfather's which I had found lying on his table and carried off on this adventure, in all the confidence of irresponsible youth. To make use of it for a little while, trusting to his not missing it in the confusion I had noticed about the house that morning, was one thing; to lose it was another. It was no common box, Made of gold and cherished for some special reason well known to himself, I had often heard him say that some day I would appreciate its value and be glad to own it. And I had left it in that hole and at any minute he might miss it,—possibly ask for it! The day was one of torment. My mother was away or shut up in her room. My father—I don't know just what thoughts I had about him. He was not to be seen either, and the servants cast strange looks at me when I spoke his name. But I little realized the blow which had just fallen upon the house in his definite departure, and only thought of my own trouble, and of how I should meet my grandfather's eye when the hour came for him to draw mc to his knee for his usual goodnight.

"That I was spaced this ordeal for the first time this very night, first comforted me, then added to my distress. He had discovered his loss and was angry. On the morrow he would ask me for the box and I would have to lie, for never could I find the courage to tell him where I had been. Such an act of presumption he would never forgive, or so I thought as I lay adversed in my little bed. That his coldness, his shivered in my little bed. That his coldness, his shivered in my little bed. That his coldness, his order as well as my father had just fied the house mother as well as my father had just fied the house forever, was as little known to me as the morning calamity. I had been given my usual tendence and was tucked safely into bed; but the gloom, the silence which presently settled upon the house had a very different explanation in my mind from the real one. My sin (for such it loomed large in my mind by this interest of the whole situation and accounted for

"At what hour I slipped from my bed on to the cold floor, I shall never know. To me it seemed to be cold floor, I shall never know. To me it seemed to be the shall never the same that the shall cold the child. I had made a great resolve. Awful as the prospect seemed to me,—frightened as I was by the very thought,—I had determined in my small mind to go down into the cellar, and into that midnight hole again, in search of the lost box. I would take a candle and matches, this time from my own matcle-sledir, and matches, this time from my own matcle-sledir, deathly quiet of the house, I would be able to go and come without anybody ever being the wiser.

"DRESSING in the dark, I found my matches and candle and, putting them in one of my prockets, softly opened my door and looked out. Nobody was stirring, every light extinguished except a softiary one meaning to my mind. How could I know that the house was so still and the rooms so dark because everyne was out scarching for some clue to my mother's flight? If I had looked at the clock—but I did not; I was too intent upor my errand, too filled with the fever of my desperate undertaking, to be affected by anything that did not bear directly upon it.

"Of the terror caused by my own shadow on the wall as I made the turn in the hall below, I have as keen a recollection as though it happened yesterday. But that did not deter me, nothing deterred me, till safe in the cellar, I crouched down behind the casks to get my breath again before entering the hole beyond.

"I had made some noise in feeling my way around these casks, and I trembled for fear these sounds had been heard upstairs! But the sounds I then heard myself, choked this fear by a far greater one. Rats! rats in the wall! rats on the cellar bottom. How I ever stirred from the spot I do not know, but when I did stir, it was to go forward, and enter the uncanny

"I had intended to light my candle when I got inside; but for some reason I went stumbling along in the dark, following the wall till I got to the steps where I had dropped the box. Here a light was necessary, but my hand did not go to my pocket. I thought it better to climb the steps first, and softly one foot found the tread and then another. I had only three more to climb and then my right hand, now feeling its way along the wall, would be free to strike a match. I climbed the three steps and was steadying myself against the wall for a final plunge, when something happened—something so unexpected and incredible that I wonder I did not shriek aloud in terror. The door was moving under my hand. It was slowly opening inward. I could feel the chill made by the widen-ing crack. Moment by moment this chill increased; the gap was growing—a presence was there—a presence before which I sank a small heap upon the landing. Would it advance? Had it feet—hands? Was it a presence which could be felt?

Whatever it was, it made no attempt to pass, and presently I lifted my head only to quake anew at the sound of a voice—a human voice—my mother's voice -so near me that by putting out my arms I might

have touched her.

"She was speaking to my father. I knew it from the tone. She was saying words which, little understood as they were, made such a havoe in my youthful mind that I have never forgotten them.

I HAVE come,' she said. 'They think I have fled the house and are looking far and wide for me. We shall not be disturbed. Who would think of looking here for either you or me.

"Here! The word sank like a plummet in my breast. I had known for some few minutes that I was on the threshold of the forbidden room; but they were in it. I can scarcely make you understand the tumult which this awoke in my brain. Somehow. I had never thought that any such braving of the house's law would be possible.

"I heard my father's answer, but it con-veyed no meaning to mc. I also realized that he spoke from a distance,—that he was at one end of the room while we were at the other. I was presently to have this idea confirmed, for while I was striving with all my might and main to subdue my very heart-throbs so that she would not hear me or suspect my presence, the darkness yielded to a flash of lightning—heat lightning, all glare and no sound—and I caught an instantaneous vision of my father standing with gleaming things about him which affected me at the moment as supernatural, but which, in later years, I decided to have been weapons hanging on a wall.

"She saw him too, for she gave a quick laugh and said they would not need any candles; and then, and then, there was another flash

and I saw something in his hand and something in hers, and though I did not yet understand, I felt olf turning deathly sick and gave a choking gasp which was lost in the rush she made into the center of the room, and the keenness of her swift low cry.

'Garde-toi! for only one of us will ever leave this

"A duel! a duel to the death between this husband and wife—this father and mother—in this hole of dead tragedies and within the sight and hearing of their ehild! Has Satan ever devised a scheme more hideous for ruining the life of an eleven year old boy!

"Not that I took it all in at once. I was too innocent and much too dazed to comprehend such hatred, much less the passions which engendered it. I only much less the passions which engendered it. I only knew that something horrible—something beyond the conception of my childish mind, was going to take place in the darkness before me; and the terror of it made me speechless; would to God it had struck me dead!

"She had dashed from her corner and he had slid away from his, as was shown by the next fantastic gleam which lit up the room. It also showed the weapons in their hands, and for a moment I felt reassured when I saw that these were swords, for I had seen them before with foils in their hands, practicing seen men before with ions in their hands, practicing for exercise, as they said, in the great garret. But the swords had buttons on them, and this time the tips were sharp and shone in the

keen light.

"An exclamation from her and a growl of rage from him were followed by move-ments I could seareely hear, but which were terrifying from their very stealthiness. Then the sound of a clash. The swords had crossed. "Had the lightning flashed then, the end of one of them might have occured. But the darkness remained undisturbed and when the glare relit the great room again, they were already far apart. This induced a word from him—the only time he spoke—I can ucver

forget it. "'Rhoda, there is blood on your sleeve; I have wounded you. Shall we call it off and fly, as the poor creatures in there think we have, to the opposite ends of the earth?

"I almost spoke; I almost added my childish plea to his for them to stop-to remember me and stop. But not a muscle in my throat responded to my ag-onized effort. Her cold, clear 'No!' fell before my tongue was loosed or my heart freed from the ponderous weight crushing it.

"I have vowed and I keep my promises,' she went on in a tone quite strange to me. 'What would either's life be worth with the other alive and happy in this world 3

'He made no answer: and those subtle movements shadows of movements I might almost call them, recommenced. Then there came a sudden cry, shrill and poignant—(had grandfather been in his room he would surely have heard it)—and the flash coming almost simultaneously with its utterance, I saw what has haunted my sleep from that day to this, my father pinned against the wall, sword still in hand, and before

"I avvoke after a terrible dream which forced from my lips the cry of 'Mother! Mother!'"

> him my mother, triumphant, her staring eyes fixed on his and---

> "Nature could bear no more; the band loosened from my throat; the oppression lifted from my breast long enough for me to give one wild wail and she turned, saw, (heaven sent its flashes quickly at this moment) and recognizing my childish form, all the horrow of her deed (or so I have fondly hoped) rose within her, and she gave a start and fell full upon the point upturned to receive her. A groan; then a gasping sigh from him, and silence settled upon the room and upon my senses.

> "That is my story, friends. Do you wonder that I have never been or lived like other men?" . . . . . . . . .

> After a few moments of sympathetic silence, Mr. Van Broecklyn went on to say:

> "I don't think I ever had a moment's doubt that my parents both lay dead on the floor of that great room. When I came to myself—which may have been soon, and may not have been for a long while the lightning had ceased to flash, leaving the darkness stretching like a blank pall between me and that spot in which were concentrated all the terrors of which my imagination was eapable. I dared not enter it. I dared not take one step that way. My instinct was to fly and hide my trembling body again in my own bed. And associated with this, in fact dominating it



and making me old before my time, was another in stinet—never to tell, never to let anyone, least of all my grandfather, know what that forbidden room now contained. I felt in an indefinable sort of way that the honor of my parents was at stake. Besides terror held me back; I felt that I should die if I spoke. Childhood has such terrors and such heroisms. Silence often covers such, abysses of thought and feeling which astonish us in later years. There is no suffering like that of a child terrified by a secret which it dare not for some reason disclose.

"Events aided me. When, in desperation to see once more the light and all the things which linked me to life-my little bed-the toys on the window-sill my squirrel in its cage—I forced myself to retraverse the empty house, expecting at every turn to hear my father's voice or to come upon the image of my mother. Yes, such was the confusion of my mind, though I knew well enough even then that they were dead and that I should never again hear the one or see the I was so benumbed with the cold in my half-dressed condition, that I awoke in a fever next morning after a terrible dream which forced from my lips the cry of 'Mother! Mother!'—only that.

You see I was cautious even in delirium. This delirium and my flushed cheeks and shining eyes led them to be very careful of me. I was told that my mother was away from home, and when after two days of search they were quite sure that all efforts to find

either her or my father were likely to prove fruitless, I was informed that she had gone to Europe where we would fol-low her on my recovery. This promise, offering as it did a prospect of immediate release from the terrors which were consuming me, had an extraordinary effect upon my mind. I got up out of bed saying that I was well now and ready to start. The doctor, finding my pulse normal, and my whole condition wonderfully improved. and attributing it, as was natural, to my hope of soon joining my mother, advised that my whim be humored and this hope kept active, till travel and intercourse with ehildren should give me strength and prepare me for the bitter truth ultimately awaiting me. His advice was heeded, and in twenty-four hours our preparations were made. We saw the house closed-with what emotions surging in one small breast, I leave you to imagine—and then started on our long tour. For five years we wandered over the Continent, my grandfather finding distraction, as well as myself, in foreign scenes and fresh associations.

"B<sup>UT</sup> return was inevitable. And what I suffered on reentering this house! Had any discovery been made in our absence; or would it be made now that renovation and repairs were necessary? Time finally answered in the negative. My sceret was safe and likely to continue so, and this fact once settled, life became en-durable, if not cheerful. Since then I have spent only

two nights out of this house, and they were unavoid-able. When my grandfather died I had the wainscot door cemented in., It was done from this side and the cement painted to match the wood. No one opened the door nor have I ever crossed its threshold. Sometimes I think I have been foolish; and sometimes I know that I have been very wise. My reason has stood firm; how do I know that it would have done so if I had subjected myself to the possible discovery that one or both of them might have been saved if I had diselosed instead of concealing my adventure. \* 8 \*

A pause during which expressions of horror had focused on every face; then with a final glance at Violet, and in a voice half hesitant, half filled with appeal, he

"What sequel do you see to this story, Miss Strange? I can tell the past, I leave you to picture the future."
Rising, she let her eye travel from face to face till
it rested on the one awaiting it, when she answered

"If some morning in the news column there should appear an account of the ancient and historie home of appear an account of the ancient and instone from on the Van Broceklyns having burned to the ground, the whole country would mourn, and the city feel de-frauded of one of its treasures. But there are five per-

sons who would see in it the sequel which you ask for."

When this happened, as it did happen, some few
weeks later, the astonishing discovery was made that no insurance had been put upon the great gray mansion or upon the treasures with which it was filled. Why was it that after such a loss Mr. Van Broecklyn seemed to renew his youth? It was a constant source of comment among his friends.

## MOONGWE the SON-DAUGHTER



SEVEN



HE SUN BEAT DOWN on the mesa. A procession of old women with ollas climbed the steep trail toward its rim. the store the store train toward its rim.
The blind basketmaker was one of these, and she found her was up the winding stone stair with marvelous defenses, carrying both her water-jug and a great squash in the bight of her shawl, with the

band drawn tight across the forehead, the head patiently bent like that of a draft-horse.

Moongwe came running down the slope in the sun, running to the field where the clan father sat in a shelter made of wilting green boughs and watched that no marauding donkeys strayed into the crops. old man was wasted and brown, naked save for his breech clout; but the small boy had a square apron of cloth depending from his shoulders, hanging down his back, such as the girls among his people wear. Upon this the elder's glance rested as the small boy pulled up beside him and announced an intention of assisting in the crop-watching.

"How shoulds thou watch crops?" inquired the clan father. "It is a man's work—or a boy's. Thou art the daughter of thy mother. Get back to the house and grind the meal; make ready the beans?"

The boy pulled sullength at the little cloth across his sheathers, below of the mother than the control of the co

shoulders, badge of his servitude, sign and symbol of

snowners, range or his serviciate, sign and symbol of his evil destiny, as a fated man-woman. "I hate it," he burst out at last, tearing off the small manta with sudden resolution, flinging it down and setting a foot on it. "Why do they make a woman

The old man smoked silently and stared out across the document successfully and started bit across the desert where the dust devils gyrated above the trail. The boy regarded him hopefully. This was the clan father, very old and wise, and when the cere-monials were held he was Master of the Kiva—its Surely he could explain wherefore a son is sometimes made a female slave!

"Who was the first man-woman?" the insurgent asked of this source of all knowledge.

He stood now naked, and very much happier, while

the old man smoken our his corn-husk cigaret, and be n t and rolled another of the sweet na-tive tobacco. Without the old man smoked out seeming to note the boy at all, the ancient began to speak in that odd, introverted half voi which belongs to the

Hopi: "The first man-woman was child of the sun and the laughing water. The Colorado swelled great with the snows, laughed and leaped; the sun took her in his arms, and their child was a mighty hero. In our next kachina dance you may see him. He comes again to earth in the dances

By this time sevenyear-old Moongwe was squatted down listening. his eyes like stars, shak-ing the thick black locks back, forgetful of the hated square of cloth crumpled in the dust before him. Here was a marvel — a man-woman who was child of the gods, and a hero! In the village, such boys as elected to don female dress and grow up into men-women were made

drudges of; the hardest work was put on them. "Ahi—Aho! Little Moongwe, the owl, is that something brave to hear? Thou hast eyes now to match thy name," jested the old man. "Listen, then; this hero fought a great fight once and went home with the Hopi people to feast; but he became so noisy he was so quarrelsome, that the rulers caught him and put women's clothes on him to tame his spirit. That was the first man-woman, little son.

Moongwe returned to his own grievance.

"I have not been noisy. I am never quarrelsome," he asserted with dignity. "I am a good man. They should not make a woman of me.'

should not make a woman of me."
The clan father looked humorously at the manta in the dust. "Art thou not disobedient?" he asked. "Peace, thou small splinter," reaching a soft, swift brown hand to stroke the rebelious black locks into place. "Has your mother any daughter? Has she any hild but Moongwe? You must be her son-daughter; for were you to grow up a man, what would happen when the time came for you to marry and go to the home of your wife and be your mother's son no longer?"

MOONGWE choked and struggled with the big prop-IVI osition. A Hopi boy loves his mother. He may love his father; but he is liable to know nothing of him. Descent is counted through the maternal side. To the woman belongs house, fields, flocks, and her children; but when her sons marry they go to the clan of the wife, and are lost to her, the daughters remaining to hold such limited ownership as their clan life permits. Before this boy's birth, his father had deserted the mother, because of the blindness which came upon her, as it does upon many descrt dwellers. The child was her one hope. She prayed that it might be a daughter who would never leave her, and when a son was born she vowed him from infancy to the bleak, self-abnegating life of the takawukti, or man-woman, that anomalous creature who, twenty-five years ago, lived in every Indian pueblo—village drudge, clan support and strength when the young men go from it, wearing a woman's dress, doing the heavier part of the woman's work, building, plastering, laying up walls and fireplaces, unhindered in communal labors by the

woman's shackle and crown of motherhood. He had seen these pitiful beings dressed for the grave in the attire of men, laid dead on the sheepskin, in the garb that life denied them, their painted faces strangely at peace. Moongwe thought of these things, and said:

"I have done what my mother told me to do— even to wearing this cloth over my shoulders—till today. But Naiuchee's mana laughed at me, I could not bear that.

"Naiuchee's mana need not laugh," rejoined the old priest, rising and looking down at the small man on the sand. "The brother of her mother was a manwoman until he died; and right good service he did for

woman until he thet; and right good service he dut for the village and the clan. He was a good man-woman, and he was honored in the councils. If you are a good one, you will be honored," Moongwe amouneed with resolution, getting also to his little bare feet and stand-ing as straight as he could, "I do not like to wear this cloth upon my back now. When the day of my choos-ing somes I will tell them that I shall kill myself if they the tender of now." try to make a man-woman of me."

The pricst frowned.

"The kachinas will whip you, if you talk like that. Go, see how your mother toils up the stairs with her olla." He pointed to where the blind basketmaker sky. "She has need of a daughter; your clan has need of children that will not marry and leave it. When the time comes for you to choose, you will make the right choice. right choice. You will know that those who love others better than themselves are willing to give up

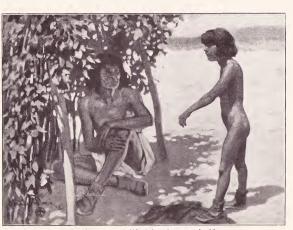
others reder than thenserves are wining to give ap-their own happiness. You will be a man-woman." Silently, Moongaw bent and picked up his square of cloth; it was as though he kneft to the old priest in so doing. With treubling fingers, he adjusted it; and, still in silence, he climbed the trail and led the blind mother home.

All day about a girl's tasks he carried a heavy heart. When evening came, he stole to the threshold, the manta still on his back, pushed the door open and looked out, a shamed thing. Sunset burned, a low, red line, in the west, against which the captive eagles on the flat roofs humped, black and desolate; the high houses made deeper twi-

light in the streets and in them Game of the Terror was going on. Out of a doorway leaned a naked. painted man, masked, a great knife in his hand. This he swung about his head with uncouth yammerings, running and bounding down the way. Children fled before him, squealing with delight, aware that the defense against this rude playagainst this ruce play-mate was, if he came too close, to sit down in-stantly, when he, accord-ing to the rules of the sport, could not touch

Naiuchee's mana, little Tereva, ran past laughing, her three-cornered, kitten face all alight, her big eyes looking from side to side for a playmate; Moongwe drew back with a sobbing breath; he could endure the jeering of the boys, but Tereva's scorn would bite deeper. Back at the hearth-

side his mother was sing-ing to herself as she spread the leaden-blue batter of the piki bread on its stone; crooning



"I hate it . . . . . . . . Why do they make a woman of me?"

the foolish little songs of his babyhood, about xapua, the frog, and Moongwe, the big owl.

"Go and play with them, my mana, my udualiter," and the blind woman, speaking on that strange, indrawn breath in which a Hopi woman uters unvelcome, words "They Call you." But Moongwe, the son-daughter that was to be, shut the door suddenly and sat down behind it obselver.

### II. FOURTEEN

TWAS the year of Moongwe's choosing.

He had called himself a man at seven; at fourteen his people rated him so; and in this year he had the choice of whether or no he would live a man's life, take him a wife in seather choice with the whom in another clan and leave the blind mother in another clan and leave the blind mother in her empty home, childless, helpless, to the seant charity of a people who worship youth, strength, hardiness, and give, as nature does, the husks of bare toleration

to age.

He was a beautiful boy, straight of limb, slender as a young poplar by some stream's edge, with thick, shining, black hair rippling to his waist, and long-fringed dark eyes that had begun to glow with soft fires. The men of the pueblo, seeing how goodly be was, jerred at the thought of his heing made into a female slave. They placked at the cloth on his back as he went past and sometimes twitched it off and flung it on the housetop to see if Moongwe would bewail his lot like a girl or fight like a boy. When he had done his young best at punishing the aggressor, and taken punish-ment himself with a shut mouth, the circle

about him would ery out:
"Well done, Moongwe! Thou art a
man and not a woman. Why dost thou
wear the manta?"

And there was Naiuchee's mana, Tereva; And there was Naturated S mana, 1 erevs, she was a tall girl now, slim, starry-eyed, with quiek dimples playing in the bronze bloom of her round cheeks; she might have put her hair up in the shining whorls of the squash blossom and sought a husband, but that she waited for Moongwe. His hated position as a fore-doomed man-woman josition as a fore-decomed man-woman brought him elsest to her; not only their play, but their tasks were the same. Ladering at these they talked of a time when he should be a man, and they could be married and livein Tereva's house. The cardesness of childhood forgot what would become of the blind mother; the tuture with Tereva; the avidiness of adherence with the contract of the contract of the total contract of the total mother; the tuture with Tereva; the avidiness of adherence hade haste the day of his freedom. The old women are the mighty, silent power behind every movement of his

power behind every movement of his people. These feared to have the burden people. These teared to have the burden of the blind basketmaker upon their lands when Moongwe should be welded and gone. A daughter must be made of the gone. A daughter must be made of the son. Gentle creatures, soft spoken, deep bosomed, deep eyed, mothers every one, loving and lovely in spite of the savage toil which had marred their grace; they did not fail to mark these conferences with the mana, and to value rightly their hold upon the boy.

Kcpt outside the mysteries, made only hand-maidens of the temple, they know hand-maidens of the temple, they know where to go for strength in time of need; they planned that Moongwe be sent to the

they planned that Moongwe be sent to the Kiva for a lesson, and urgod his clan father to deal strongly with him.

"Leave this child to me," said the old man, whose wrinkles now almost hid the glint of his eyes. "Let him fast while the sun goes three times across the heavens, and when it sets the third time bring him and when it sets the third time bring him. They fetched him to the priest at even-ine, three old women bowering about him

They receive min'to the press a even-ing, three old women hovering about him in that blind-moni-sholiday when phan-toms are real, and real things become phantasmal. Pervas watching him go, knowing and prevas watching him go, knowing and a real to you say to be, made of ment which the Hopi gift have ferring of ment which the Hopi gift have a she descretors of the average revens on she doorsteps of the woman whose son she

At first, down in the Kiva, Moongwe listened to everything sullenly, his blanket drawn over his face till but a gleam bedrawn over his face till but a gleam besole that he saw what was about him. He had fasted for three days, and in that was dizzy, sick, confused. The underground temple was lighted by a fire of octar sticks built at the ladder's foot, its confused. The underground temple was lighted by a fire of octar sticks built at the ladder's foot, its impact the top. Through this, also, the boy could see the night sky, high and black, spangled with many stars, and by and by the production of a bit of monoi like a best of the days of the start of the same production of the bit of the same production of the broken coin.

They were all gathered there to his unthey were an gathered there to his un-doing—elders of the clan, loving friends who had carried Moongwe on their backs many a time, and who had fashioned for him gaily-painted hows with daintily feathered darts and swinging plumes, to

teathered darts and swinging plumes, to carry a prayer for true aim. They smoked and smoked, the long straight-stemmed pipe of the Kiva; they talked and talked till it seemed to the wretched boy that his living heart was being pulled out of his body. He thought of the spring runnings at the great festivals when the youths are initiated into their clans. The initiates are sent to circle the blue buttes thirty miles away, humped din, and shadowy on the horizon like celestial missing the control of the cont din, and shadowy on the horizon like celes-ial priests a some exemonian. There came memory of the kide-ball races where the control of the control of the control sick before them for ten, for fifteen or twenty miles. These teams come up to the mess laughing, intoxicated, mad, with the long race in the thin air. The women and children meet them at the heads of the rule stone start with melons and fruits with freshly roasted ears of corn. Would he be standing among the women when the victors came in? He broke forth with the

loud rebellion of the weak.

"You can do this thing to me, because

loud rebellion of the weak.

"You can do this thing to me, because you are stronger than I, because I am one and you are many," he said thickly, "But when it is done I will kill myself. What when it is done I will kill myself. What when it is done I will kill myself. What when it is done I will kill myself. What when the theory is the said of the said

words of the story, enough belonged to the common vernacular to enable Moongwe to

cominon vertaceular to enable Moongwe to understand the tale.

The blaze flared, died down, and was re-plenished. The song had come to that place where the first man-woman, who was a god and hero, speaks. Moongwe was listening, his blanket dropped from before his face, when far away in the night some-where, a great voice hailed, and the circle about the fire hushed itself to hearken.

Then once more that long, heart-shaking the once more that long, heart-snaking call came down the wind, sucked through the smoke, and filled the Kiva. This was the voice of no living man. It was as though a mountain took speech to itself, or

a hill shouthan toos specen to usen, or a hill shouth Who calls outside?" intoned the Master of the Kiva. The reply was nearer. The big voice rang and rolled with mighty reverbera-tions; it uttered in metrical phrase and taneful esderec; it responded to the men's

e boy's heart quivered within him; he The Doy's heart quivered within nim; he could searcely see or hear, yet he stared up. Against the square of night sky above the fire he had a vision of a great head, black-masked, feather-crowned, of snowy cloud-billows which were the shoulders; the big voice sounded hollow, vast, filling the underground chambler, crying his

"Is Moongwe there? I have a word for

Drum and notehed stick burst into clamor. The Master of the Kiva leaped to his feet fumbling at his buckskin pouch

to his feet fumbling at his buckskin pouch of sacred meal.

"Al-ho-guld! Ho-guld" roared the chorus about the fire. "Eater, son of Tawa.
Come to us, first-lorm of fire and water."

He looked up again a wonderful being was coming down the ladder. Ten feet tall was the appartion to Moongwe's eyes, the buckskin mocessins had no apparent contact with the rungs as it came down, touching anything with its hands. The figure delayed a moment at the ladder's touching anything with its hands. The figure delayed a moment at the ladder's foot, where broken shadow and shine from

(Continued on Page 449)



It happened because he didn't keep a tight grip with both hands on the steering wheel of his car.

But being obliged to grip the wheel with both hands all but being obliged to grip the wheel with both hands all the time robs motoring of its pleasure. He wanted to enjoy the drive with them, he relaxed and then like a flash of lightning from a clear sky came the nerve-racking, bone-breaking, carsmashing tumble into the ditch.

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### A Self-Examination By Marguerite Wilkinson

Can I run four blocks or walk four miles without being unduly tired? Can I take a cold plunge without hes-

itation?

Do I start when a pan falls from a kitchen shelf?

Could I earn my own living if it were necessary?

Do I really deserve the living I get—that is, morally speaking, do I earn it?
Do I keep my personality in my husband's purse?

Is my spiritual life dependent on his

social position?
Can I truly say that I have women friends who love me, without envy, jealousy, or the hope that I will be helpful to them in some worldly way?
Have I women friends whom I truly love in this same disinterested manner?
Do I spend any part of my time in an endeavor to learn something?
Do I repeat to other women things I

Do I repeat to other women things I would not care to hear about myself?
Do I offer my friends criticism when I should give sympathy, and advice where I should know enough to give love?
Does my husband know that I am his strong-heurted mate, able to share all fortunes with him?

Do my children trust me with their ve affairs?

love affairs?

Do I keep my religion in church or at

FOR MEN

Are my hands and eyes steady in an emergency? Can I sleep on a hard bed and wake in

Can I sleep on a hard bed and wake in the morning feeling cheerful? Am I master of the physical house which my soul inhabits, or is it by incli-nation or weakness, master of me? Do I really deserve the living which I get, that is, am I worth to society as much as I am padt? much as I am and the padt of the page of the with the padt of the page of the page of the page with courage and energy?

ease that I have could I begin work again with courage and energy? Have I the respect of my business as-sociates and the friendship of men to whom I am of no assistance? Do I ever indulge myself in the pleas-

ure of doing kindnesses for which I have no reason to expect a return?

no reason to expect a return?
Do I tell stories and use language that I would not like my wife to hear?
Do I regard it as part of "the game" to hurt other men's business and standing?

standing?

Does my wife know that she can trust
me and count on me to understand her
problems and difficulties?

Are my children afraid of me, or do
they feel that they can "work" me, or do
they feel proud of me?

they feel proud of me?
Have I any religious convictions of my own, or do I let my wife attend to those things?

FOR BOTH

Do we vote honestly?

Do we give a part of our time to the service of the community?

service of the community?

Are we willing to share good fortune with others, if it comes?

Are we unwilling to let anyone suffer for our ill fortune, if that should come?

Do we respect workers more than

Are we tolerant in matters which we do not understand?

### In Joplin, Missouri

JOHN W. GATES, on one of his south-

# OHN W. GATES, on one of his south-bern trips, was stopping at a hotel in Joplin, Missouri, where he was attended by a very dignified negro waiter. The noted plunger became much attached to the negro, who was very attentive and could always be depended upon, or at least Gates thought he could. One day the negro was so attentive that Gates gave him a \$5 \text{ bill as a tip.}

that Gates gave him a 85 bill as a tip.
Next morning at breakfast a dapper,
young, and rather yellow negro approached the table. Gates looked him
over, then growled:
"Who are you and what are you doing

here?"
"Why, boss," replied the stranger, "I'se

yoh waiter."
"The devil you are," said Gates, "my waiter is twice as old and black as you."
"Yas sah, I knows he was yoh waiter, sah," said the interloper, "but he done lose you to me in a crap game las' night."

### To Folks Who Dally With Corns

To you who pare corns-

You who use liquids-

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Your baby's business is to eat and sleep. And he can't sleep if his food is not just right. So follow these rules-

low these rules—
For the first is months givey our own breast
milk, if you can, and if it begins to full, add
not two feelings of Neidle's Food, because
on the contract of the contract
was the contract
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that contract
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that you are curring your
that the contract
that c

tiem on after his feeding.

Don't give him anything more.
Don't give him one's milk. If you could milk the cow' yourself and cover the milk up and carry it to your baby, and you could know that the cow was healthy, it might be safe to give your halpy cow's milk. Even then, it would be hard to digest, and you would have to modify it. Don't experiment. Be safe—alse the best modification known to sednece,

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Five times as many mothers use it today to several years ago. Nestif's, as it comes to make it ready for your bally. Made from the clean milk of healthy cose in senitary during — modified by a cereal series of the company of the co

is safe for the most delicate haby.

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STAFFORD MILLER CO.,

For the Deaf An efficient device to interpret to the part of the p

### Moongwe the Son-Daughter

(Continued from Page 447)

the dying fire played upon its pearl-white blanket, its tall kuchina mask. Smoke swirled around the snowy moccasins, smoke that got in Moongwe's eyes and half blinded him.

And now, standing in their midst the sing sang the song of self-abnegation, being sang the song of seir-annegation, of those who so love parents and clan that they make of themselves female slaves so as never to leave their dear ones, to stay always and to serve them—the song of the man-woman, the son-daughter. The drums throbbed under his ut-

ter. The drums throbbed under his uterance like the beating of a mighty heart; the notched sticks spoke in it with heir guttural such four energy ear-old. Is it arrange that the four term-year-old. Is it arrange that the other sperantural visitant before it left the Kiva? Dawn was chill and white over the roofs when be crawled up the ladder, eliging like a drowned thing, remembering Tereva as a man in hell remembers the bissec, to find the blind beatter-maker standing beside the blind beatter-maker standing beside She caught him in her arms, supported

the poles waiting for him.

She caught him in her arms, supported him, and led him toward their home, finding the way by that strange sense of her whereabouts which seemed to come up to her through the soles of her bare feet. His head was on her shoulder; he did not raise it when hurrying steps came down the way, and Tereva stopped beheviold the him of the self-wide him to the strange of the self-wide him to the self-wide him to the self-wide him to directly that was to be the first step to their betrothal.

petrothal.

The basket-maker turned on the threshold, clasping Moongwe close, divining almost before her outstretched hands encountered it, what the girl carried.

hands encountered it, what the girl carried.

III.

### TWENTY-ONE

THE BLIND mother was dead; the THE BLIND mother was dead; the old clan father long gone to his rest. Moongwe, the man-woman, stood high among his people, holding a position of authority rare for such as he had become. He was silent, grim, contradicting with his free stride and the deep tones of his roice the feminine garments he was forced

to wear.

On the day when he denied his manhood and her, Tereva had fled across the
desert to her father's clan at Walpi.
What matter after that how he learned,
when the elders held their disillusioning ceremonies, and boys and girls were flogged in the Kiva, that his supernatural counselor was but a trained singer and

counselor was but a trained singer and dancer from a neighboring pueblo? Tereva was gone. His fate was sealed. Annual vows in the Kiva had renewed his bondage. No white man knows the tangling filaments that enmeshed his will, turn where he would. Only in our direction did there seem promise of strength to break through; when Natu-an great heat seemed to pour into Moon-gwe's heart; he felt that for her he might dare.

dare.

An Indian comes slowly to action. Her clan was urgent that she wed. She was "grinding the need" for Hanu's mother before Moongwe had fully made up his mind what to do. He offered, as the custom is, to 'grind for the bride,' and being rated a woman was allowed to kneel at the him beside her. Much meal had been and the clan of Natuchew encant to sdd to the amount for pride's sake. Despite his dress—it even seemed more insistto the amount for pride's sake. Despite
his dress—it even seemed more insistently because of it—Moongwe was all
male. In his twenty-one years he had
grown very tall and strong; his head was

or Page 447)

arried like that of an antiered buck, in spite of the woman's burdens he had borne. He stole sidelong glances at his companion, and whispered to her as they labored; for the long room was full of women, sitting on the floor, gossiping of the wedding, are going to mary Hanu?"

he would be soming at the antieved the subset of the stole of the stole of the stole of the subset of t

he demanded, coming at the subject obliquely, Hopi fashion.

obliquely, Hopi fashion.

His hungry eyes took in all the soft, womanly beauty of her, the length of her jetty lashes where the great, doe-like eyes were cast down, the slim, warm roundness of her brown arm and shoulder that the service left from the tracking. that the manta left free, the trembling of her full red lips when she made effort to answer him You and I are grinding the meal for

his mother."
"Is he the husband you would have

The question seemed cruel enough, and the girl flung out in sudden pas she answered it: "You know he is not. Who knows better than you?" she breathed. Then in despairing sullenness: "But it is done,"

THE boy's face flashed into triumph. Unmindful of those about the room, he stayed her hand on the stone and bent

he stayed her hand on the stone and bent close to murnur swiftly:
"It is not done. Listen, Tereva! in three days is your wedding feast. On that night while the young men dance in the Kiva the gods will send you—the husband of your choice. Do you under-stand? Will you wait for him? Will you greater when the ord concept tonivier.

stand? Will you wait for nim? Will you answer when the owl comes tapping at your window?"
"My daughter," said Naiuchee, "you have ground enough for today; you are weary. Moongwe, may I bid you to my many? Woolding feast,"

weary. Moongwe, may I bid you to my mana's wedding feast?"

Moongwe, the owl, rose up from the mealing bin. He looked at the old

mealing bin. He looked at the old woman with a lustrous glance.
"It shall surely be at the wedding of Natuchee's mana," he said, with that decision which had always been his. "I thank you, mother, for the invitation." "He called me mother," laughed Natuchee wonderingly, as the tall figure stemped from her doorway.

Nauchee wonderingly, as the tall figure stepped from her doorway.

The other old women, sitting on the sheepskins, laughed too. "Well, he is motherless, and the child of your neigh-bor," one said. "Were he a man, any mother of manas might welcome him as a son indeed. Since he is a woman, you should not be angry at such a liberty. The poor owl.

The poor owl."

It was February, mind you, Valentine It was rebruary, mind you, valentine weather, mating time, in spite of the cold. Hanu and all of Moongwe's mates would dance in the Kiva crowned with lilies, brave with paint and barbaric jewelry, footing it to drum and chorus, giving the Bean Dance, which is the

giving the Bean Dance, which is the ancient play of courtship. Alone in his house he listened till the sound of the drum told him the men swifter as he crept to the corner of the room, opened a low door that just ad-mitted of his going through on all fours, dived into his storing place and brought out the clothes secretly accumulated. There were condrow trousers flaring.

There were cordured to the puesing from the knee like a Spanish bull-fighter's, and trimmed at the slashings with silver. There was a black velve-teen shirt, its turned-down collar silver teen sint, its turned-down colar silver bordered too, a belt of massive silver plates, weighing several pounds and worth seventy-five dollars. The trader from whom he had got these—who had bought what he had to sell, and had probough what he had to seat, and man provided, also, a good pony that would carry double—had made a writing to a friend far away from Orabi, out of the Hopi country. Across the desert there was work for Moongwe, and a man's

was work.

Night had come on the wings of a storm, shricking with flails of sleet in her hands. Stepping from his door into the tempest, he saw the light in Tereva's window. From his Kiva came up the hands of the chorus, the deep-mouthed baying of the chorus, the throbbing of the drum, the thud and lisp of moccasined feet on the stone-paved floor. There danced Hanu, who thought

noor. There dathed riam, who thought to wed the owl's chosen. Moongwe laughed far down in his throat. He crossed the street, and, looking through beside the lamp set in the tiny



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meal and at bea. Note the results. Free booklet on Pabst Extract will be sent up the floor was a great bowl of steaming food. About the room on skins or blank-ets drowsed the women of her clan, wait-

food. About the room on skins or blank-iest drowsed the women of her clan, wait-ing for the near to come from the Kiva-ton of the control of the control of the caught a handful of cart and cast it through the opening.

It fell with a little soft spatter of sound at the bride's feet. He thought he heard her breath drawn in quickly as she sprang up. Then, slowly she stoke a look around "Whither goest thou, man of mine!" Naiuchee roused herself to ask sleepily. "I go to see if the moon is rien so that my bridegroom may come," Tenva answered unstead of the old wronen sit-ting up, "She can not wait; she goes to her bridegroom. Was ever so cager a bride!"

The others wakened enough to laugh,

The others wakened enough to laugh. The others wakened enough to magn. Tereva, taking the door in her hand opened it tremblingly. She pulled is shut behind her and groped forward. "Is it thou?" she breathed. "I am so frightened. The mother of Hanu is in

frightened. The mother of Hanu is in there. Hanu's people are in the Kiva. Even now, they come for me. This is an ancient law which we break. I will

not go."

As she spoke his arm was round her. As she spoke his arm was round her, the little feet in the white bridd moccasins were hurrying to his pace. They crossed the bar of light from the window.

"Oh, Moongwe, how strong and brave and wise you are! And how beautiful you look in your man's dress!" she whispered. "What should I fear in your arms? Take me where you will. I am all wants." all yours.

THEY were gone. Down the steep they swept with the scurry of the storm. Out into the desert and the dark they voyaged, even as Hanu and his mates came shouting up from the Kiva, and marched with filtring lights to the bride's door. Still stands Ornibi, reared aloft upon its

sliffs, the sands of the desert sucking with dry lips at the foot of its stone steps. And in all the seven streets of the pueblo you will look in vain for the house of Moongwe. It has been laboriously razed Moongwe. It has been laboriously maced to the stoons from which it was builded; the beams of it given to the fire. Far away, in the country of the Lagnans there is living today an old man and his faithful mate—a famous teller of tules, this away will be a fire of the story of his own rebellion and escape. It has the litheness of a once famous runner, the bright eye of a lover who is beloved. And in no Hopi Village today is there a man-woman to be carried marksman, the hasting beauty of a lover who is beloved. And in no Hopi Village today is there a man-woman to be carried as the story of the stor

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### The War's Legacy of Hate

Continued tom Page 443)
selves now, therefore, now, that all we shall be told hereafter will be false; and the shall be told hereafter will be false; and the shall be told hereafter will be false; and the shall be told hereafter with the shall be false; and the shall be false in the shall be false in the horror is on us."

I have said that the Austrian's harred of his enries to the South is a venomous of this enries to the South is a venomous false in the shall be false in the horror has said that he would kill like a mad dog the Austrian eivilian who attempted to settle Austrian eivilian who attempted to settle Austrian eivilian who attempted to settle Austrian eivilian was of the Austrian eivilian who attempted to settle Austrian eivilian was perfectly right in proceedings of the shall be shall be false false in the shall be s

people with whom they have come an contact. Societies exist for that one pur-pose. For years these insect pests have canwel over the wall from Serbia into Austria to sting our national pride in way or another. The assessination of the Austria to sting our national pride in a way or another. The assessination of the Austria to put down her foot and ex-terminant these vermin."
To turn to the German's rage against.

terminate these vermin."
To turn to the German's rage against England, it is due less to the long-standing commercial rivalry between the two countries than to the feeling, admitted by many honest Germans, that because of England, and England alone, the Allies

by many honest Germans, that because of England, and England alone, the Allies will probably win the war. He chooses to beld that England trencherously contion of fighting, and that Sir Edward (Grey's pretended solicitude for Belgian neutrality was one of the blackest cynterion of fighting, and that Sir Edward continued to the solicitude of the solicit

cities, and kill, kill, kill?
The war correspondent of a New York
paper told me that he found in Germany
hat every street and building with an
the British flag was nailed to the floor as
a foot mat before bars and tobacco counters, that even an American was insulted
if he dared to speak English.

In August, an Englishwoman, heartproken as a result of her experiences in

and the state of t

Jugena and immediately became a second national anthem.

During the lifetime of those who have fought, it will be impossible for an Englishman to live in Germany or a German in France. No one can predict how long it will be before the business and social It will be before the business and social relations of one short year ago are re-stored. Hate like that of which I have tried to reflect the feeling is not lived down in a day. It will be the war's most fearful legacy.



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